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THE TIME OF THE HAMMOCK

Sumer is icumen in;
Lhude sing cuccu!

Thus, as every schoolboy knows, begins T. S. Eliot's immortal *Hiawatha*. And no wonder "The Boy Orator of the Platte" (as T. S. Eliot is commonly called), was moved to pen such light-hearted lines! For summer is the happiest season of the year, mild and balmy and contented-making.

Which brings us of course to Marlboro Cigarettes. They too are mild and balmy and contented-making. But that is not all. They are also genial, placid, and amiable. But that is still not all. They are, moreover, clement, dulcet, and emollient. But hold! There is more. They are, in addition, filtered, flavored, packed *or* boxed.

Indeed, the list could go on and on until every adjective is exhausted which would describe the excellence of Marlboro Cigarettes. But words alone can never convey the rapture that will be yours, the joy that will quicken your spirits and tingle your marrow, when you get into a hammock this summer with a good book and a Marlboro!

And what books will you read in the long, lazy months ahead? Perhaps I can recommend a few.

First, let me suggest to you a lovely and affecting novel by that sensitive young Southerner, Richard Membrane Haw. It is called *Blood on the Grits*, and it is the tender and poignant story of a delicate young Alabama lad who passes safely through puberty only to be devoured by boll weevils . . . A lovely and affecting book.

Next, I recommend a remarkable work called *Life on the Farm* by Dick Woolly. This is a short book—only 43 words—and, to be perfectly frank, rather a dull one. It would not be worth mentioning here were it not for the fact that the author is a sheep.

To those of you who fancy historical novels—and who does not? eh? who does not?—there are several new volumes that are sure to give you pleasure. There is *Blood on the Visor* by Richard Membrane Haw (he who wrote the lovely and affecting *Blood on the Grits*). There is *Cold Steel and Hot Flashes* by Emmaline Prentiss Moulting. There is *The Black Shield of Signfoos* by Wruth Wright. There is *Four Quarts in a Gallon* by William Makepeace Clambroth. There are many, many others, all lovely, all affecting.

But of all recent historical novels, the loveliest by far, the most affecting by a country mile, is May Fuster's classic, *I Was a Teen-Age Serf*. Mrs. Fuster, justly famed for her rich historical tapestries, has outdone herself in this tempestuous romance of Angela Bodice, fiery daughter of an entailed fief, who falls madly in love with Waldrip the Bald, head linesman of Bosnia. He, however, is betrothed to Griselda the Fat, a notary public of Verona. Angela, crazed with

mead, leads the downtrodden peasants in a revolt against the mackerel tax. This later becomes the Credit Mobilier Scandal. Angela becomes Ferdinand Magellan. Waldrip becomes the Empire State. Griselda becomes the Morro Castle. Bosnia becomes the Irish Free State. Verona becomes Great Falls, Montana.

A lovely and affecting book!

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The makers of Marlboro, who bring you this column, tell you that in our book, Marlboro is the very best smoke your money can buy . . . A filter that works, a flavor that pleases, all in a handy, choice of soft pack or flip-top box.

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